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**277 songs, toasts,
sentiments, and
recitation**

London

[18--]

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Title : 277 songs, toasts, sentiments, and recitation, for Boxing Day.

Imprint : London : Pattie, [18--]

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Note : Cover title.

Note : At head of title: A great fact.

Note : "Containing Dibdin's Sea Songs, Nigger, American, English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh Songs. Authors all the most popular. The Songs, &c., are not to be surpassed in a 5s. volume."

Note : Without music.

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A GREAT FACT.

277 SONGS,

Toasts, Sentiments, and Recitation,

FOR

BOXING DAY,

Containing Dibdin's Sea Songs, Nigger, American, English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh Songs. Authors all the most popular. The Songs, &c., are not to be surpassed in a 5s. volume.

A popular Recitation, **Bristle and**

Lapstone, a Burlesque on the quarrel scene of Edward & Warwick

The Yankee Christmas Box

Ireland's daughters

Penefret Shones, a favorite Welsh ditty

Parody on the Tired soldier

The sogers are coming

The tight little Island. Recitation

Blow high blow low

A sailor's philosophy

A sailor's love

The token

The Sailor's lesson

Broken gold

The welcome

Jack in his element

Bright gems that twinkle

Ned that died at sea

Lamplighter Dick

While up the shrouds

The standing toast

The soldier's grave. Recitation

Saturday night at sea

Tom Bowling

The soldier's adieu

Yankee Land. Hardwick.

Where's my Highland lassie?

Popular Parody on my pretty Jane.

Oh, lady beware

Spare a halfpenny to a blind Negro

Who cares for you, Mary Ann?

De Niggar toast

Susannah Bell

De fire fly lamp

John Crow's nest

Black Pink

Clar de Track

The Nigger Coast Barber

Cynthia Sue

Negro Matrimony

Come into my canoe

Dearest May

De belle of Baltimore

Rosa Lee

Topsy's song

Carry me back to old Virginny

Ole Bull and ole Dan Tucker

Jim Crack com

Dinah Crow

Jasper Jack

My skiff is on de shore

Stop dat knockin

De fine ole coloured Gentleman

'Tis hard to give the hand

Keep in de wheel track

Uncle Quash's presents.

The Dying Slave

The cot to me may lowly prove

If those within it claim my love

Oh, would I were yon evening star

I'm happy but when thou art near

I cannot forget thee

By Julia's casement warbling bird

Just as it should be

I don't forget the happy hours

See brighter hours in store

Hess

LONDON: PATTIE, 31, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

DEAREST MAY.

Come listen eb'ry nigger,
A story I'll relate,
Dat happen'd in a vale upon
The old Car'line estate.
Twas in a flow'ry meadow,
Where I us'd to make de hay,
I work'd de faster while I sung
Ob you, my dearest May.

CHORUS

Oh dearest May, more lubly dan
de day,
Your eyes are bright as stars at night
whende moon has gone away.

Ole massa gabe me holiday,
I wuld dat dey were more,
Wid glad some heart I push away
My boat from off de shore,
And paddled down deriber,
Wid spirits light and free,
To de cottage ob my darlin' May,
I burn so much to see.

De branches by de river bank,
Dey drop into de tide,
De coon he plays de leaves among,
De mink he lurk aside.
And now I see de lubly spot,
Where May she smile so sweet,
Her eyes are bright as stars at night,
Her lips are red as beet.

Beside an ole oak tree,
For many an hour we sat;
Till passed de bee-bird from de flow'r
And came abroad de bat;
My dearest May at parting,
She wept, and broken-hearted,
I gabe a last long look ob lub
And back to massa started.

DE BELLE OB BALTIMORE
I've been to Alabama, I've been to
Tennessee,
I've sailed de Mississippi, for massa
set me free;
I've kissed de lubly Creole gal on
Louisiana's shore,
But I neber found a gal to match my
blooming Belle ob Baltimore.

Oh! boys, Belle's a beauty,
Eyes so bright, and cheek so sooty,
No gal I eber saw before;
Could equal de Belle ob Baltimore.

My lubi-talland slender, her voice
is berry clear,
You'd think she was an Howlingale
if once her voice you'd hear;
I went down to her cabin, and rapped
upon de door:
I went to give my doggerlype to
my sweet Belle ob Baltimore.

I wrote my luba letter, and scented
it so sweet,
De musk, and cloves, and pepper
mint stuck out about free feet.
But all my trouble was no use,
I neber see'd her more,
For I squash'd de tender 'fections ob
my sweet Belle ob Baltimore.

ROSA LEE.

When I lib'd in Tennessee,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
I went a courtin' Rosa Lee,
U-li-a-li-o-la-e!
Eyes as dark as winter night,
I lips as red as berry bright;
When first I did her wooing go,
She said 'Now don't be foolish Joe!

CHORUS.

U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
Courtin' down in Tennessee;
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
'Neath the wild Banana tree.

I said you lubly, gal, dat's plain,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
Bress as sweet as sugar cane,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
Feet so large and comely too,
Might make a cradle of each shoe:
Rosa take me for your beau,—
She said, 'Now don't be foolish Joe!

My story yet is to be told,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
Rosa coteh'b a shocking cold,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
Send de doctor, fetch de nurse—
Doctor came, but make her worse;
I tried to make her laugh, but no,—
She said, 'Now don't be foolish, Joe!

Dey gib her up, no power could save,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
She ax me, follow to her grave,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
I take her hand, 'twas cold as death,
So cold, I hardly draw my breff:
She saw my tears in sorrow flow,
And said, 'fare well, my dearest Joe!

TOPSY'S SONG.

Words by C. Jeffreys.

I'm but a little nigger gal,
As black as black can be;
You know I can't lub nobody,
'Cos nobody lub me.
Dey used to whip me long ago
And den I wish to die—
I 'spect I donno how to lub,
And dat's de reason why.

Now what's de use ob sich as me
Ob tryin' to be good?
If you could wash de black-a-moor
Quite white, may be I would.
Miss Feely preachee talk all day,
She says me tell big lie—
No good for me to speak de truth,
And dat's de reason why.

She can't abear de nigger gal—
Miss Feely mak' me laugh—
I touch her hand, she brush away,
As if de black come off.
I is so wicked—dat's de thing!
I 'spect be worse by'n by:
She says I is, and so I am,
And dat's de reason why.

But you Miss Ery, you so good,
I mind de words you say—
You're not afraid to touch my hand,
You neber turn away:

You talk to me, you gib me advice,
Till tears come in your eye;
You lub me, and I lub you too,
And dat's de reason why.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLE VIRGINNY

I work on board a floating scow
Right thro' de weary day
A raking in de oyster beds,
Till twilight fades away;
And I am growin' faint and old,
I cannot tot much more,
Oh! carry me back before I die,
To ole Virginny shore.

CHORUS

Oh carry me back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore!
Oh! carry me back to ole Virginny
To ole Virginny shore.

If I were young and strong again,
I'd lead a different life,
I'd sabe my money, buy a farm,
And dinah take for wife.
But now ole age he holds me fast,
And I am weak and sore;
Oh! carry me back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

And when I'm laid beneath de green
In snug and silent rest,
Let possum and coon to my funera!
go,

For I always liked dem best;
Den sleeping on in calm repose,
I'll dream for evermore,
Dat dey've carried me back to ole
Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

OLE BULL AND OLE DAN TUCKER

White folks, I will sing to you
A good ole song, it is quite New,
About Ole Bull and Ole Dan Tucker
Who play'd a match for an oyster
supper.

Hand de banjo down to play,
Who beat ole Bull from de Norway,
Who tuck de shine from Paganini—
We am de boys from Ole Virginny!

Ole Bull came to town to play—
Five hundred dollars for a day;
Le women ran, and I ran too,
To hear him fiddle up something
new Hand de banjo, &c.

Dey play'd togeder at Chatham-
street,
Each oder's time dey tried to beat;
Some went for Dan, and some for
Bull—

De house was crowded ram jam full
Hand de banjo, &c.

When first his fiddle 'gan to speak,
De people dey all went to sleep;
He gave his bow a mighty hawl,
He made dem all woke up an' squall,
Hand de banjo, &c.

If you want to hear good play,
Just call for Dan from Ole Virginny
Who beat Ole Bull from de Norway,
Who tuck de shine from Paganini.

THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

Daddy Neptune one day unto Freedom did say,
If ever I liv'd upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little Britain;
Says Freedom, why that's my own Island.
Oh! what a snug little Island,
A right little, tight little Island,
All the glories round!
None can be found,
So happy as this little Island.

Julius Caesar, the Roman who yielded to no man,
Came by water, he could not come by land.
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs on,
And all for the sake of our Island.
Oh! what a snug little Island,
They'd all have a touch at the Island,
Some were shot dead,
Some of them fled,
And some stayed to live in the Island.

Then a very great War man, call'd Billy the Norman,
Cried, hang it, I never liked my land,
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful Island,
Says he, 'tis a snug little Island,
Shan't us go visit the Island;
Hop, skip, and jump,
There he was plump,
And kick'd up a dust in the Island.

Yet party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,
Of traitors they manag'd to buy land,
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we had never been tick'd.
Had they stuck to the King of the Island,
He lost both his life and his Island,
Poor Harold the King of the Island!
That's very true,
What could he do?
Like a Briton he died for his Island.

Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade war,
Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,
They could not do less than tuck up Queen Beav,
And take their full swing in the Island.
The dromes came to plunder the Island,
Oh! the poor Queen of the Island,
But snug in her hive,
The Queen was alive,
And thus was the word at the Island.

These proud puff'd up cakes thought to make Ducks and Drakes,
Of our wealth, but they scarcely could spy land,
Ere our Drake had the tack to make their pride dash,
And stoog to the side of the Island.
The good Wooden Walls of the Island,
Hurra! for the lads of the Island,
Devil or don,
Let 'em come on,
But how'd they come off at the Island.

I don't wonder much that the Russ and the Dutch
Have since been oft tempted to try land,
And I wonder much less they have met no success,
For why should we give up our Island?
Oh! 'tis a wonderful Island,
All of 'em long for the Island.
Hold a bit there,
(Let 'em) take a second air,
But we'll have the sea and the Island.

Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune
In each saying 'This shall be my land,'
Should the Army of England, or all they could bring land,
We'd show them some play for Island.
We'd fight for our right to the Island, [Island;
We'd give them enough of the Invaders should just
Bite at the dust,
But not a bit more of the Island.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

Blow high, blow low,
Let tempests tear the main-mast by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee my dear,
And love, well stor'd,
Shall brave all dangers, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore to be once more,
Safe ancor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that sound along
And the surge roaring from below,
Shan't my signal be,
To think on thee
And this shall be my song,
And on that night when all the crew
The memory of their Rammer lives,
Over flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives
I'll leave a sigh and think on thee,
And as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burden of my song shall be—
Blow high, blow low, &c.

A SAILOR'S PHILOSOPHY.

What argues pride and ambition?
Soon or late death will take us in tow
Each bullet has got its commission,
And when our time's come, we must go,
Then drink and sing, hang pain and sorrow,
The halter was made for the neck,
He that's now 'live and utty to-morrow,
Perhaps may be stretched on the deck.
There was little Tom Linstock of Dover,
Got knif'd, and left Polly in pain;
Polly cried, but her grief was soon over,
And then she got married again.
Then drink, &c.
Jack Junk was ill-us'd by Bet Crocker,
And so took to guzzling the stuff
Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker
And there he got liquour enough,
Then drink, &c.
For our prize-money, then, to the proctor, [freak
Take of joy, while 'tis going on
For what argues calling the doctor
When the anchor of life is apeak.
Then drink, &c.

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

A Sailor's love is void of art,
Plain sailing to his port, the heart
He knows no jealous folly;
'Tis hard enough at sea to war,
With boisterous elements that jar,
All's peace with lovely Polly.
Enough that far from sight of shore,
Clouds frown, and angry billows roar,
Still he is brisk and jolly;
And while carousing with his mates
Her health he drinks, anticipates
The smiles of lovely Polly.
Should thunder on the horizon press
Mocking our signals of distress,
E'en then dul' melancholy
Dares not intrude, he braves the din,
In hopes to find a calm within
The snowy arms of Polly.

THE TOKEN.

The breeze was fresh, the ship to stay,
Each breaker hushed the shore a trace,
When Jack no more on duty call'd,
His true-love's tokens over haul'd,
The broken gold, the braided hair
The tender motto writ so fair,
Upon his bacco box he views,
Nay, the post, Love the make,
If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair as happy as we two.
The storm—that like a shagreened wreck,
Had strewn'd with fighting all the

That tars or sharks had giv'n a
feast,
And, left the ship a hulk—had
When Jack as with his messmate
dear,
Heshar'd the grog their hearts to
Took from his 'bacco-box a quid,
And spelt, for comfort, on the lid,
If you loves I, &c.

The battle, that with horror grim,
Had madly ravag'd life and limb,
Had scuppers drench'd with human
gore.

And widow'd many a wife, was o'er,
When Jack to his companions dear,
First paid the tribute of a tear,
Then as his 'bacco-box he held,
Restor'd his comfort, as he spell'd,
If you loves I, &c.

The voyage, that had been long and
hard,
But that had yielded full reward,
That brought each sailor to his
friend,
Happy and rich—was at an end,
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the shore;
He then the 'bacco-box display'd,
And cried—
And seiz'd the willing
maid,—
If you loves I, &c.

THE SAILOR'S LESSON.

Since, Jack, thou'rt seaman's son,
And born for the good of the nation
Thy pretty near time I begun
To learn thee a tar's education.
For when out of port,
Thou'lt be Fortune's sport,
And taste of sorrow's cup,
Yet in thy pow'r
Hope's best bow'r,
When Death shall bring thee up.

Love honour as thy life,
Ne'er do a paltry thing;
Protect thy friend and wife,
Spare foes, and serve thy King.
This lesson learn,
Without concern
Thou'lt taste of pleasure's cup,
E'en to the dregs,
On thy last legs,
When Death shall bring thee up.
And when thou'rt left the sea,
And time has long broke bulk,
Grown old and crank like me,
And laid up, a sheer hulk,
Teach thy young son
This course to run,
To drink of comfort's cup;
Thy eyes thou'lt close
In sweet repose,
When Death shall bring thee up.

BRIGHT GEMS THAT TWINKLE.

Bright gems that twinkle from afar,
Planets, and every lesser star,
That darting each a downward ray,
Console us for the loss of day.

Begone I'e'en Venus, who so bright
Reflects her visions pure and white,
Quick disappear, and quit the skies,
For lo! the moon begins to rise.

Ye pretty warblers of the grove,
Who chant such artless tales of love
The throble gurgling in his throat,
The linnet with his silver note.

The soaring lark the whistling thrush
The mellow blackbird, goldfinch,
hush!

Fly, vanish, disappear, take wing,
The nightingale begins to sing.

THE WELCOME.

What if the sailor boldly goes,
To distant climates bound—
Braves winds from every point that
blows
The varying compass round.

No longer when compelled to roam,
To make him rich amends,
As the needle true he finds his love,
His country and his friends.

Thus, every danger life endures,
May to o'erwhelm him come,
Trouble at sea only insures
Pleasure that waits at home.

He braves the storm, that calm to
prove
Propitious Fortune sends;
As the needle true to find his love,
His country and his friends.

BROKEN GOLD.

Two real lovers with one heart,
One mind, one sentiment one soul,
In hapless hour were doom'd to part
At tyrant duty's harsh control,
They broke in two a golden coin,
In token that their love should hold
And swore, when Fate their hands
should join,

To join again the broken gold.

A treach'rous friend who could not
brook
That joy which real love imparts,
In evil hour advantage took
To sow dissension in their hearts.
Engines employ'd, kept spies by day,
Conjectures raised, and falsehoods
told,

To prove that each had giv'n away
To rivals base, the broken gold.

At last, when years elaps'd, they met
Hush'd o'er'y fear, dead all alarms
Banish'd each sorrow and regret.
They rush'd into each other's arms
While to the fond embrace they flew
Which love sat smiling to behold.
In token that their hearts were true
They fondly join'd the broken gold

NED THAT DIED AT SEA.

Give ear to me both high and low,
And while you mourn hard Fate's
decree,
Lament a tale right full of woe,
Of comely Ned that died at sea.

His father was a commodore,
His king and country serv'd had he
But now his tears in torrents flow,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

His sister Peg her brother lov'd,
For a right tender heart had she,
And often to strong grief was mov'd
For comely Ned that died at sea.

His sweetheart, Grace, once blithe
and gay,

That led the dance upon the lea,
Now wastes in tears the lingering
day,

For comely Ned that died at sea.

His friends, who lov'd his manly
worth,—

For none more friends could boast
To mourn now lay aside their mirth
For comely Ned that died at sea.

Come then and join with friendly
tear,

The song that midst of all our glee
We from our hearts chant once a
year,

For comely Ned that died at sea.

JACK IN HIS ELEMENT.

Bold Jack the sailor here I come,
Pray how d'ye like my nib?
My trousers wide my trampers rum,
My nab and flowing gib.
I sail the seas from end to end,
And leads a joyous life,
In every mess I find a friend,
In every port a wife.

I've heard them talk of constancy,
Of grief and such like fun—
I've constant been, to ten, cried I
But never griev'd for one.
The flowing sails we tars unbend,
To lead a jovial life,
In every mess to find a friend,
In ev'ry port a wife.

I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth
gates,
A pigmy at Goree,
An orange-tawny up the weights,
A black at St. Lucie.
Thus, whatsoever course I bend,
I leads a jovial life;
In ev'ry mess I find a friend,
In ev'ry port a wife.

Will Gaff by death was taken back,
I came to bring the news,
Poll whimper'd sore—but what did
Jack?

Why, stood in William's shoes,
She cut, I chas'd, but in the end,
She lov'd me as her life,
And so she got a honest friend,
And I a loving wife.

Thus be we sailors all the go,
On Fortune's sea we rub,
We works, and loves, and fights the
foe

And drinks the gen'rous bub,
Storms that the mast to splinters rend
Can't shake our jovial life,
In ev'ry mess we find a friend,
In every port a wife.

LAMPLIGHTER DICK.

I'm jolly Dick the lamplighter,
They say the sun's my dad;
And truly I believe it, sir,
For I'm a pretty lad.
Father and I would do light,
And make it look so gay;
The difference is, I lights by night,
And father lights by day.

But father's not the likes of I,
For knowing life and fun;
For I queer tricks and fancies spy,
Folks never show the sun.
Bogues, owls, and bats, can't bear
the light.

I've heard your wise ones say,
And so, d'ye mind, I sees at night
Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,
As quite a useless task;
And many a face and many a heart,
Will then pull off the mask
Each formal prude and holy wight,
Will throw disguise away,
And sin it openly all night,
Who sinned it all day.

His darling hoard the miser views,
Misses from friends decamp,
And many a statesman mischief
brews

To his country o'er his lamp.
So father and I, d'ye take me right,
Are just on the same lay—
I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,
And he false saints by day.

WHILE UP THE SHROUDS.

While up the shrouds the sailor
goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landsman who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard.

But Jack with smiles each danger
meets,
Casts an anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheet,
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves
that swell
The vessel rudely bear,
Now sinking in a hollow dell,
Now quiv'ring in the air.

Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quick
sands roar,
You ne'er hear him repine;
Freezing near Greenland's icy shore
Or burning near the line.

Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair,
While splinter'd masts go by the
board,

And shots sing through the air.
Bold Jack, &c.

THE STANDING TOAST.

The moon on the ocean was dim'd
by a ripple,
Affording a chequer'd delight,

The gay jolly tars pass'd the word
for the tippie, [night.

And the toast for 'twas Saturday
Some sweetheart or wife, that he
lov'd as his life, [could hail her,
Each drank while he wish'd he
But the standing toast, that pleas'd
the most, [that goes,

Was, the wind that blows, the ship
And the lass that loves a sailor.

Some drank the King and his brave
ships,
And some the constitution;
Some, may our foes, and all such
rips,

Own English resolution!
That fate might bless some Poll or
Bess,

And that they soon might hail her.
But the standing, &c.

Some drank our Queen, and some
our land,
Our glorious land of freedom!
Some, that our tars might not
stand

For heroes brave to lead 'em!
That beauty in distress might find,
Such friends as ne'er would fail
her. But the standing, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Of all the sensation pity brings,
To proudly swell the ample heart
From which the willing sorrow
springs,

In others' grief that bears a part:
Of all sad sympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief,
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief
Of these would you the feeling know
Most generous, noble greatly brave
That ever taught a heart to glow,
Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's
grave.

For hard and painful is his lot—
Let dangers come he braves them
all;

Valiant, perhaps, to be forgot,
Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall
Yet, wrapp'd in conscious worth se-
cure, [toil,

The world that now forgets his
He leaves for a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile,
Then trav'ler one kind drop bestow
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave,
Naught ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews the
soldier's grave.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling
stars

Shone on the rippling sea;
No duty call'd the jovial tars,
The helm was lash'd alee.

The ample can adorn'd the board,
Prepared to see it out,
Each gave the lass that he ador'd
And push'd the grog about.

Cried honest Tom, my Peg, I'll toast
A frigate next and trim,
All jolly Portsmouth's fav'rite boast
I'd venture life and limb;
Sail seven long years and ne'er see
land,
With dauntless and stout,
So tight a vessel to command,
Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Polly
Sailing in comely state;
Top-gal'nt sails set she is so tall,
She looks like a first-rate.
Ah! would she take her Jack in tow
A voyage for love throughout,
No better berth I'd wish to know,
Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
Trim, handsome, neat and tight,
What joy so fine a ship to man—
She is my heart's delight.
So well she bears the storms of life,
I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave every toil for such a wife—
Then push the grog about.

Thus to describe Poll, Meg or Nan,
Each his best manner tried,
Till summon'd by the empty can,
They to their hammocks bled.
Yet still did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out;
For in soft visions gentle sleep
Still push'd the grog about.

TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk lies poor Tom
Bowling.
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempests
howling,
For death has broach'd him too.
His form was of the manliest beauty—
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many, and true-
hearted,

His Poll was kind and fair,
And then he'd sing—so blithe and
jolly,—

Ah! many's the time and oft,
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant
weather,

When He who all commands,
Shall give to call life's crew together
The word to pipe all hands!

Thus Death, who kings and tars
dispatches,

In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For though his body's under hatches
His soul is gone aloft.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

Adieu, adieu, my only life,
My honor calls me from thee;
Remember thou'rta soldier's wife
Those tears but ill become thee.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

SWEARING DEATH.

Glee.—Music at all music publishers.
Swearing death to traitor slave,
Hands we clench and swords we draw,
Heaven defend the true and brave,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi.
Heaven defend the true and brave,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi.
Hearts and hands with all conspire,
Rebels threats we'll overawe,
Till life's last thro' expires,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi, &c.

THE COT WHERE I WAS BORN.

I've roamed beneath a foreign sky,
Where beautiful flowers grew,
Where all was lovely to the eye,
And dazzling to the view.
I've seen them graced by night's pale star,
Bedecked by radiant morn:
But never found a spot so dear
As the cot where I was born.
Can wealth or titles compensate
The want of friendship's glow?
Can gaudy pageants, earthly state,
So bright a gem bestow?
To me such joys are cold indeed,
They hold the heart forlorn:
Give me the spot I love so dear,
The cot where I was born.

WHEN I MET THEE FIRST IN LOVE.

Music published by Wessel.

When I met thee first in May,
From my dreams will never depart,
For the germ of love that day,
Had been planted in my heart;
A bud was in the flower,
Where we heard the timbrels sing,
And my love was like that flower,
When first we met in spring.
When next again we met,
It was summer's glowing prime,
And my love grew stronger yet,
Took its ardours from the time;
There was fruit upon the bough,
As we watched the summer line,
And I thought the fruit was now,
Like that ripened love of mine.
Robed in autumn's mellow suit,
Did we next that bower see,
And the blossom and the fruit,
Had been gathered from the tree;
And I said my love alone
Would in winter never decay,
So I won thee for mine own,
As the bride I wooed in May.

THE ANGELS OF THE HOUSE.

'Tis said that ever round our path
The unseen angels stay,

That give us blissful dreams by night,

And guard our steps by day.

But there's an angel in the house,

Black, watchful, and sincere,

That whispers words of hope to us

When none beside are near;

It is the true, the chosen one,

That's linked to us for life,

The angel of the happy home,

The faithful, trusting wife.

'Tis said that angels walk the earth,

I'm sure it must be so,

When round our path, scarce seen by us,

Such bright things come and go.

Are there not beings by our side,

As fair as angels are,

As pure as stainless, as the forms

That dwell beyond the star?

Yes, there are angels of the earth,

Pure, innocent, and mild,

The angels of our hearts and homes,

Each loved and loving child.

OH! AND HE LOVED ME DEARLY.

From Miss F. Horton's Entertainment.

There was a young man came a-courting of me—
Singing, "Oh! my dear, and I love you dearly!"
The most young man as ever I did see,
Singing "Oh! and I love you dearly!"
He was so tall and he was so smart,
When he asked I to marry him it made I start,
And his words went right clean through my heart,
Singing "Oh! and I love you dearly!"

Says he, "I must manage to start two pound ten,
Singing, "Oh! my dear, and I love you dearly!"
And as soon as I get it, we'll be married then;

For it's oh! and I love you dearly!
That's pay clerk and parson, and the ring to buy."
"I've got the money in the saving-bank myself."

"Will you lend it me?" "Of course I will," was my
reply.

"For it's oh! and I love you dearly!"
When five golden sovereigns to him I lent—

Singing, "Oh! my dear, and I love you dearly!"
And he showed I'd erred, and I felt quite content—
Singing, "Oh! and I love you dearly!"

"I'll lend thee the parson, at once," says he:
So he did, and got married, but it wasn't to me;
And my money nor my lover never more did I see,
And oh! that he loved me dearly!

MORAL.

Now all you young women take a warning of me,
When they say "My dear, oh! I love you dearly!"
Never lend chase your money as I did to he—
Singing, "Oh! and I love you dearly!"

If they can't find the money to buy the ring,
Who's to pay for the vicar and such like things?
For it's often for your money, that's fellowings,
That it's "Oh! but I love you dearly!"

HE SWEETHEART'S GIFT.

THE COT TO ME MAY LOWLY PROVE, IF THOSE WITHIN IT CLAIM MY LOVE.

While some are won by outward show,
And hail with joy a noble dwelling,
There's something more that I require,
Yea, something outward show excelling:
The cot to me may lowly prove,
If those within it claim my love.

You point to me a noble Hall,
With scenery the whole surrounding;
I look for more than walls and trees,
I look for peace at heart abounding.
The cot to me may lowly prove—
If those within it claim my love.

OH WOULD I WERE YON EVEN- ING STAR.

Oh! would I were an evening star,
So bright at close of day,
I'd gild the chamber of my love;
And near her window stay.

Oh! if I were yon gentle bird,
That carole forth its strain;
I'd nestle mightily o'er her cot,
Nor seek to roam again.

Were I that unassuming flower,
Which decks the humblest spot;
I'd shed a fragrance round her bower,
And breathe Forget-me-not.

I'M HAPPY BUT WHEN THOU ART NEAR.

I'm happy but when thou art near,
When thou depart all joy is gone,
Bereft of thee I soon must die,
Thou art my all, thou lovely one.

Then name, oh! name the happy time,
When shall these daily partings cease?
When sorrow's cloud no more shall lower,
But all be sunshine joy and peace.

I CANNOT FORGET YOU.

I cannot forget you,
Wherever I be,
By morn or by even,
My thoughts are on thee.

And all that I ask love,
To plainly discern;
And who would not wish to
Us love in return.

BY JULIA'S CASEMENT WAR- BLING BIRD.

By Julia's casement, warbling bird,
At balmy morn or close of day;
Oh! let thy plaintive notes be heard,
And carol all my heart would say.

Then back to this lone breast return,
Sweet consolation in thy strain;
Say but my suit she will not spurn,
And hope shall blossom forth again.

JUST AS IT SHOULD BE.

She will not wed for golden store,
Nor climbing woodbines round the store;
All outward show doth fail to bless,
Be there within no happiness.

I DON'T FORGET THE HAPPY HOURS.

I don't forget the happy hours,
When near each other side we stray'd,
The favourite walks the peaceful bowers,
The charms which all things lovely made.

I don't forget the heavenly voice,
That cheer'd me with its dulcet tone,
I don't forget the faithful heart,
Which beat for me, and me alone.

Oh no! and oft at evening sweet,
Again those walks and bowers I see,
The fond, the dear companions meet,
And sigh my bosom's thoughts to thee.

SEE BRIGHTER HOURS IN STORE.

What though perchance the first hour
Of care, hath bowed thee low,
What though a while in secrecy,
The bitter tears do flow,
Is there no silver lining to
The cloud dark hovering o'er,
Wait, only wait, and through the gloom,
See brighter hours in store.

Look upward! then your motto be,
As through this vale you go,
Return that hap to dear to thee,
And sing your song of hope,
Despair Appoyon like may hurt,
His arrows o'er and o'er,
But you shall triumph and at length,
See brighter hours in store.

BRISTLE AND LAPSTONE.

A Burlesque on the Quarrel Scene of Edward and Warwick.

BRISTLE. Let me have no spunging coves, above all, keep Lapstone from my sight!

LAPSTONE. (entering, throws off an old ironing blanket) Twig him here! (putting his thumb to his nose) No welcome guest, it seems, unless I was snub-nosed Suke, our housemaid's leave; there was a time when Lapstone wanted not her aid to get admission to your cobbling crib.

BRIS. There was a time when Lapstone more desired and more deserved it.

LAP. Never! I've been a foolish faithful slavey all my seven years; the morning of my life has been devoted to your shop. What are now the fruits?—rags and hunger. My spotless name, which never yet the chandlerkin refused to trust, made the mock for other snobs to chaff at; but 'tis fit that who trust in petty masters should be thus treated.

BRIS. I thought, my cove, I had full well repaid your services, with wittles, drink, and clothes unlimited.—Thy awl-directing hand guided so nicely every move of business, and worked the whole concern. Lapstone was awl in awl, while Master Bristle sat on his seat, and did as much as come to—nothink.

LAP. Who got thee strap, and occasioned for this a new seat o' work? Thy undistinguished name had been unnoticed, and lingered in obscurity, had not Lapstone been bound to thee, and brought thee five bob to set thee on thy legs again. Thou knowest, thy cobbling tools, doomed perhaps like some to be seized by the broker's hand, going for so many weeks without paying your rent, but for me had morrissed. In yon cloudy night I fetched a truck, bilked the old Charles in the street, and steered your shattered sticks safe into the alley. You may dispute that useless aid which you no longer want; but know, old boy, he who forgets a friend deserves a foe.

BRIS. Know too, that chaff and cheek for benefits received, pays every debt, and does the obligation brows.

LAP. Vy, that's indeed a nice way to get out; when a debt grows burdensome, and cannot be wiped out, kick up a row, and then it vill cost you not a mag.

BRIS. When you have numbered over the rigmarole of jobs that you have done for me, you may recollect the rollopings I have gived you, let me know all, and I vill give you satisfaction.

LAP. Thou canst not—thou hast robbed me of a woman it is not in thy power to restore: I vos von, shall future coves say, vot bilked the chandlerkin to serve a ramping snob? Moonshiners in arter nights, mere instruments perhaps of cheating ledgers, shall recall my name, to witness that they want not an example, and plead my bolting the moon to sanctify themselves. Among the lot o' ragged rascals that haunt your shop, could none be found but Lapstone to do your dirty work?

BRIS. And wouldst thou turn snitch on me? If I have broke my nob and bilked my landlord, thank my own advisings, that urged me to it and get me into such a line.

LAP. I've been gammoned, diddled, and done brown; my hungry belly calls aloud for wittles; it never will be filled.

BRIS. These rappings out vill make it vorser, and if I have been right informed, besides the

daily goings without grub, you have vants as bad, though not so fatal, which none but red-haired Bet can cure.

LAP. Red-haired Bet.

BRIS. Nay, start not, 'tis I have cause to rap out most. I little thought when Lapstone told me I might learn chaff, he vos himself wide awake to put me fly—but I've diskivvered all.

LAP. And so have I, too vell I knows you has been nutty there,—thy base endeavours to cut m out.

BRIS. I turn up my nose at it, sir, red-haired Bet has blunt, and I have equal right wi' you to try for it; nor see I ought to come over me in the mug of gin-drinking Lapstone, that he alone should hang his hat up there, and collar all her browns. I knowed not on your love.

LAP. By jings, that's a crammer, you knowed it all, and meanly had the cheek to tippie with a weak unguarded woman; to tempt her appetite, to treat her with hot peas-pudding and cold faggots, and basely smuggled a jewel which your shop could never buy.

BRIS. Who put you fly? but be it as it may, I had a right, nor vill I like a spooney yield my claim,—cogg up the chance to choose a coves or my shop and dab look at my sign board?

LAP. Your sign board? vat! that ere! a borrowed deal board hanging over the door, with white-washed lustre—you have it, sir, and hang it out, to gull the people.

BRIS. And therefore do I prize it. I would cobble for 'em, and they shall pay me for it; but when a covy, with his cheek, chaffs at his master, treads on his heels, and works for less, the people in justice to themselves, vill pay full price, and have 'em done well.

LAP. Go and gull the people, for soon, if I mistake not, 'twill be needful; see if one of 'em vill send a shoe if I forbids 'em.

BRIS. Is it so, my cock? then take a chalk—I have been a raw too long, and you have queered me in a pretty way, but herceforth know, my cock, I vos thy master, and vill be so—the snob that lets another gull him, but ill deserves the title he wears.

LAP. (bonnets Bristle on the hat) Look vell! then, to your own, it sits but loosely on your nob, for know the cove that diddled Lapstone, never passed unpumelled yet.

BRIS. Nor he vot gammoned Bristle. You may snivel for this, sir. Ulloa! votchman! collar this cove, take him to the votch-house, there let him learn good breeding.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May the strength of wisdom subdue the power of vanity. [ins.]

May the hitching palm always have a good scratch.

May the envious heart have the comfort it deserves.

May the grey hairs of honour be considered as laurels of life.

May poverty be a day's march in the rear.

May the banner of freedom never wave over a slave. [of oblivion.]

May the monster discord be buried in the pit. Let us give and take.

May all our losses rebound to our advantage.

May the open hand never clutch a bad bargain.

May our ways and means never be furnished by mean ways.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

THE YANKEE CHRISTMAS BOX

Air:—"Yankee Doodle."

We've often heard the poets boast, in prose and lyric rhymes sirs,
Theres nothing new starts now a days to equal olden times sirs,
I beg to differ from that theme, and to make the visit pleasant
I'll quote our brother Jonathan and his rare christmas present.

I beg to differ.

The Arctic fleet we did send out upon a strong suspicion,
To find a short cut round the world a proper expedition
But in finding that they lost there way and found
From a short cut they cut their stick with a most cutting frost sirs,

Now to hit upon the missing fleet they their courage up did screw (nighted crew)
There's a ray of light there Dr. Ray on the be- it seems that, in a certain bay least so I suppose do say (furiously at bay,
That Jack frost held poor old John Bull most

They had too many ships, it seems it caused a great confusion (resolution,
And so to leave the resolute, they took a They left her about Bherin Straits in strait'n'd stede I deem sir,
She was bearing in a crooked curse in Behrin straits it would seem sir,

Our worthy brother Jonathan the some seubeg try to scout him (can doubt him
Old mother country he loves still by this act who. Out resolute he found quite weak then on this project hitting,
He thought it fit to take her home and give her a refitting.

There he made her tight and as if just off the stocks. (Christmas box,
And the Praeldent presented her as our vick's And vick delighted by the gift such joy it did afford her (did board her:
To take a purse of so much worth she instantly

And there as we might well expect found warm congratulation (two near relations,
Which binds union hand and heart with these With years get firmer may it grow as to brook no severation (admiration,
That ship under Yankee of lag take us—

THE SOGERS ARE COMING.

Air:—"The Campbells are coming."

Och, the sogers are coming och hear, och hear,
The sogers are coming och hear och hear;
Till Bessy and Eppy hath hither to run,
To kiss hands and nod to their bonny brow men.
For the sogers, &c.

But where a re they gangin', ah where a where,
Say where are they gangin', ah where?
Ayon the wide seas they're gang in aff there,
To slaughter the great Russian Bear.

And what's the great bear be a wakin' for this?
What's the great bear been a wakin' for this,
Weel as I am given to ight understand.
He eat up all the luckys they had in the land.

But see where there coming at wagag at wagag,
Wi there streamers aw' flying hear the pipes how they play,
May they scalp the brute brawly by sea and by land
For wha Scotia's Dirk and clamore can withstand.

IRELAND'S DAUGHTERS.

Air:—"Fagans Show."

You've heard of Ireland's daughters,
So beautiful and fair,
With the roses and the lilies those
Emerald girls compare
As fresh as the green shamrock and
As free from guile and care,
Live the host of Ireland's daughters
So beautiful and fair.

O'er the race of all the Irish boys they
Show a sainted charm,
Och bad luck to the ruffian thief that
Would work them any harm.
May the blessings of a mother's love,
And tender father's care
Gird round old Ireland's daughters—
So beautiful and fair.

GWENNY SHONES.

Air:—"Taffy come daddy"

Some sing Molly Mog of the rose
And calls her too vakeham pell
While others do verses compose,
The beautiful Molly Lupell,
But of all the young virgins so fair,
Whish Puttons crestle monarch's ours
In beauty theres none can compare:
With the chitaming Gwenay Shones.

Unenvied the splintit contitious
Of princes that set upon thrones,
The highest of all her ambition
Is the loafe of swec Gwynny shones.
Pold mortals the clebe will search over,
Forgold and for diamonds and stones
But he can more treasure discover its cover
I to beautiful Gwenny shones

IRISH PARODY ON THE TIRED SOLDIER.

Poor paddy tired in both his arms,
For making hay his jacket warms
With a searhing sun in the field,
But when again the rocks dome sounds,
He's up like a lark to the harvest grounds,
The sickle and sheaf to wield.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

Our favourite friends, and our favourite girl.
 May the consolation of rectitude sweeten the
 bitterness of sorrow.
 The subject of liberty, and the liberty of the
 subject.
 May we look round us with pleasure, and up-
 wards with gratitude.
 Pleasures which please on reflection.
 May we never know distress from our own folly.
 May our pleasures continue, and our sorrows
 be distant.
 Ability to do good.
 May the seeds of friendship never produce the
 flowers of ingratitude.
 May we live to see and bless the day, when
 we've neither armies to dread or taxes to pay.
 The greatest blessing Heaven can send—a good
 wife.
 May he that turns his back on his friends, fall
 into the hands of his enemies.
 The British Navy.
 May the gale of prosperity wait us into the
 port of happiness.
 Head and hands to earn, and a heart to spend.
 Gold to every one oppressed by the London hand
 of misfortune.
 Everything belonging to Fortune but her instabi-
 lity.
 Merit assisted, and knaves twisted.
 Good ships, fair winds, and brave seamen.
 May we be just as happy as we wish our neigh-
 bours to be.
 Charity without ostentation, and religion with-
 out bigotry.
 May we never want bread to make a toast of.
 Sunshine and good humour all the world over.
 May the best day we have seen be the worst we
 have to come.
 Virtue for a guide, and fortune for an attendant.
 May we derive amusement from business, and
 improvement from pleasure.
 May our commanders in arms have the eye of
 a Hawk, and the heart of a Wolf.
 The Queen, and may we never know the want
 of her picture.
 Generosity of sentiment, and actions to corre-
 spond.
 May the lovers of harmony never be in want of a
 note.
 May those who mean well, fare well.
 All the belles, but the ugly Beast.
 The three M's—Music, Mirth, and Moderation.
 May the dishonest tailor be smothered in cab-
 bage.
 May the honest man never die poor.
 May he who loves a member in defence of his
 country, be remembered by it.
 May the English flag never be disgraced.
 A cobweb pair of breeches, a porcupine saddle,
 a hard trotting horse, and a long journey to
 the enemies of Great Britain.
 May we never be in debt or in danger.
 The great palladium of our liberties—the
 Press.

May the sword of Justice be tempered by the
 hand of Mercy.
 A long cord and a strong cord to those who
 make discord.
 May we bury our sorrow in a friendly draught.
 May we never, by over-leaping the bounds of
 prudence, trespass upon the bosom of friend-
 ship.
 May we laugh in our cups, and think when we
 are sober.
 Absent friends.
 May the meanest Briton scorn to be the highest
 slave.
 To the memory of those who have died in de-
 fence of their country.
 May the polished heart make amends for a
 rough countenance.
 Riches to seamen's widows and orphans.
 The Queen and Constitution.
 May we always meet more numerous, and
 never less respectable.
 May sovereigns and subjects reign in each
 other's hearts by love.
 May every Briton be loyal, and find a loyal
 protection.
 May British soldiers and cowardice ever be at
 war.
 May the gifts of Fortune never cause us to
 steer out of our latitude.
 Fidelity to our friends, and grace to our
 enemies.
 May prudence secure us friends, but enable us
 to live without their assistance.
 May we be friendly and social to all mankind.
 The sun-shine of the soul—a friend.
 May we always have a friend, and know his
 value.
 May our friendship continue as long as the
 sun.
 When we meet to be wroth, let us part with
 discretion.
 May the blossoms of liberty never be blighted.
 May we act with reason, even when the bottle
 circulates.
 Long life, pure love, and boundless liberty.
 May the fire of love never feel decay.
 The rose of love without the thorn.
 May the opinions of others never warp what
 reason dictates.
 A ninth-inspired bowl.
 May those we love be honest, and the land
 we live in free.
 Love for love.
 May love and reason be friends, and beauty and
 prudence marry.
 Love in every breast, liberty in every heart,
 and learning in every head.
 May the people of England always oppose a
 bad ministry, and give vigour to a new one.
 May the armies and navies of Great Britain
 always be successful in a good cause, and
 never be engaged in a bad one.
 May every virtuous woman be happy, and
 every vicious one penitent.

JIM CRACK COM.

You've heard no doubt ob Ginger Blue,
So much dat something I'll sing you
To please you all, dat is I'll try.
'Bout massa an' de green-tail fly.
Jim Crack Com' don't care,
Jim Crack Com' he don't care,
Jim Crack Com, I don't care,
Poor massa him no go.

I serb at home, as you'll suppose,
On massa wait an' brush him clothes.
I watch him snore wid a sleepy eye,
Den keep look out for de green-tail fly.

Ole massa sleep one afternoon,
When de green-tail fly buzz into de room;
Him de sleep ob a horse—him tell no lie,

It war a good-sized green-tail fly.
De fly buzz round an' eat de fruit.
Den jump inside ole massa boot;
Tarnation but him could not spy.
Where de debil war de green-tail fly.

Ole massa woke put on him boot,
De hungry fly bite him a bite.
Ole massa roar, ole massa cry,
Tarnation sence de green-tail fly.

Massa scream—Oy dida! Deare,
He eat him de boot alone were deare,
And all ob massa we could say.
Stuck out ob de throat ob de green-tail fly.

DINAH CROW.

Oh! how I lub'd Dinah Crow,
Dinah Crow, Dinah Crow!
What could make me lub her so?
Charming Dinah Crow!
Dinah, Dinah, oh! you charming
Dinah Crow!

More dan porpoise lub de sea;
More dan flowers lub de dew;
More dan nigs lub hominy,
I lub'd Dinah Crow!

Dinah, Dinah, oh! you beautiful
Dinah Crow!

Dinah she proved false to me,
In my eye, tears you see,
Oh! dis cums ob lubing we;
Faithless Dinah Crow!

Dinah, Dinah, oh! faithless, Dinah
Crow!

Dinah walk'd wid Sambo by,
Lub I spy, in her eye,
Den I thought dat I should die,
Cruel Dinah Crow!

Dinah, Dinah, oh! cruel, Dinah Crow!

Once when all my dreams were bright,
Dinah true, den I view,
Skin so black and dress so white,
Happy Dinah Crow!

Dinah, Dinah, oh! happy, Dinah Crow!
Now my dreams are very bright,
Now my heart like to crack,
Now I gib my spirit back.

An' die for Dinah Crow!
Dinah, Dinah, oh! good-bye, Dinah
Crow!

JASPER JACK.

Ole Jasper Jack was as sharp as a
knife,
He'd a sort ob a peful motion squint,
An' a pesky shank and a stenpenny one
And not a toof left to him gum.
For he had been very gay.

Ole Jasper Jack got ob liquor a fill,
He was rolled in a pickled tub down
a hill.

Den he took a coonsaid's place ob
work,
And de leg ob a monkey serbed
up for pork,
So he was kicked out dat day.

Jack wait on a party once in Skull-
bone passage,
He seed a German baron steal a Ger-
man sassage,
He rush to parlour door and out him
roar,

German sassage very rich, German
baron very poor.
De ladies all faint away.

Ole Jack drew de misery a quart ob
ale,
All come no fresh, and 'ticularly stale;
Where de head on dis drippin, you
nigs mang.

Pus your own white head, marm in
de Jug.
An' den 'twill be as fat.

Jack's misery was born ob a Boston lass,
Her charms all others did quite sur-
pass.

Her face shan'd like a looking glass,
And she wear ob a bundle ob finger grass,
For dat don't smell like hay.

But death lay Jack massa by de heels,
And Jack coon lub widdy misery he
feels.

She take compassion, him wounds
she heals.

Den dance some night de bridal reel,
An' Jasper's got full sway.

MY SKIFF IS ON DE SHORE.

I was in wid heart whits, to see my
dear Dinah,

De flower ob de state ob ole Car' Mass,
Swift de hours will fly wid her by my
side.

Till dat sweet hour when she will be
my bride.

Fal la la la la la la la la la la,
My kiff on de shore I now look out
for dee.

How much I want an' trim I've made it
for dee.

Along de tide we'll float, wid joy in
our hearts.

And reach our future home 't' day,
light de lights.

Dinah you nigs is waitin' for
me in my bosom when you met
me.

Ready is my skiff to bear you away
Where we shall be happy all de long
day.

Fal la la la la, &c.

Dinah won't you cum an' make your-
self mine?
Dinah fordy sake, my life I'd resign.
For you alone I live, for you wid out a
sigh,
Dough life is very sweet, I gladly
would die.
Fal la la la la, &c.

STOP DAT KNOCKIN'

Oh, take dat coon you gabe me, lub,
I'll hab it now no more!
To me it only now can prove
My days ob peace are o'er.
Oh, let in some oder lap
Its little self recline!
Nor shed around its perfume sweet,
Dat once it shed on mine.

CHORUS.

Three Voices—Who's dar! who's
dar! who's dar!

1st Voice—Who's dar! Now who's
dat knockin' at de door?

2d Voice—Is dat you Sambo? Is dat
you a knockin' at de door?

3d Voice—Let me in, let me in, let
me in.

1st and 2d Voices—Oh, you'd better
stop dat knockin' at de door.

3d Voice—Let me in, or I'll never
leave off knockin' at de door.

Dat coon and Sambo both togedder,
Dey tear my heart wid pain;
Dey're like a stormy windy wedder
When de sun's wash'd out by rain.
So take dis coon I'll hab it not,
I throw it now away.
It's head is like, I can't tell what,
An' yours is turning grey!

Who's dar! who's dar! &c.

DE FINE OLE COLOURED GENTLEMAN.

In Tennessee, as I've heard say, dere
once did see to dwell

A fine ole colour'd gentleman, and
dis niggs know'd him well

Dey used to call him Sambo, or some-
ting near de same

And de reason why de call'd him so,
was because it was his name.

So come along, my darlin' yha, yha,
yha yha yha, yha

He had a good ole banjo, and well he
kept it strung

And he use to sing de good ole song,
ob Gait while you're going

He sung so long, and swagge loud dat
he scar'd de pigs and goats,

For he often took a pint of yeast, to
raise his upper notes.

When dis niggs took a snooze, 'twas
in a nigs crowd,

And he use to keep dem all awake,
because he slept so loud;

Den de niggs held an inquest when
dey heard ob his deaf.

An' de verdic' ob de jury was, he died
for want ob breff.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

YANKEE LAND.

'A New Comic Song,—Hardwick,

Air:—"Guy Raux."

To the beauty of the stars and strips, I went across
the ocean, say "a notion"
And picked up, of that hemisphere, us yankees
A Britisher may speak of Sam Slick's go-a-head
propensities, [offence it is,
And that's what I intend to, but without the least
Oh! we know
Yankee land's a sure place for braggadoe's.

Oh, Yankee land's a famous place for everything
gigantic,
They don't do things by halves, do our brothers
transatlantic.
They take the shine out of the earth tarnationally
they hallo there,
And beat the world by power of the great "all-
mighty dollar" there.

Oh, we know

Hotels, Railways, and steamers, and dodges and
inventions
Eclipse in magnitude all our puny, small pre-
tensions,
Even swindles, smashes—bubbles—and cool
"reputations"
Of debts, are done, upon a scale, surprising other
nations.

And we know.

Levithian steam boats daily blow up, with report
tremendous,
And kill a half a thousand, thro' explosions
quite stupendous;
But they don't think anything of that, because it's
on a grand style,
And shout "we're a great people," in a cool,
bravado, bland style,

Yes, we know.

Their Barnham showmen beat by fits all those of
our Metropolis.
In humbug—wonders—gammon, to take in the
simple populace,
The Wizard of the North, altho' at puffing he's a
great one.
Must hide his head diminish, before each United
States one

And we know.

Ask a Yankee, whi'e he's chewing, with his g
up, a stick "whittling,
And right and left, in anything, squirting dirty
spittle in;
What he thinks about Columbia, and he'll swear,
I guess, he lick, sir,
"All creation, with our institutions, up and
down right slick, siz."

Yes, we know.

It is a country great indeed for snakes & alligator
Gin slings, mint julips, brandy nogs, lynch law,
and bragging praters,
Revolvers, locofocos, bowie knives, tin clocks, and
slavery.
And the refuge from most other lands, of dealers
in all knavery.

And we know.

Altho' they turn the nose up at trappery imperial.
And courtly splendour to their senators is im-
material,
And court all crowns and sovereigns the veriest
mockery hallow there,
Yet, they worship all to phrenav, the great
"almighty dollar," there.
Oh, we know.

Well, the a land of losers, lashing, liquoring,
and lynching
It is a land of liberty, and there's not half the
pinching,
To live like, there is here, and its nearer to the
gold land,
So that's a consolation, if you want to leave the
old land,
And we know
It's a great land, in spite of braggadoes.
Yes, we know.

WHERE'S MY HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Air:—"Where, oh where is my Highland lassie"

O, where O, where is my highland lassie fled,
What strange thoughts and fancies ha cam'd into
her head
Does she slight me for another Oh, has she turned
to shame,
O, what ha I done till her in what am I to blame
O, why and O why, has the lassie left her bame.
Ye may ken ye may ken her fra all the world
beside
Of the highlands and the low-lands my lassie is
the pride
She's lovely 'as the garden rose sweet as the
heather bell
Ooh wither O wither has she betak'd herself
Oh what should I d should my highland lassie die
Where to get a selas would the wretched lover fly
To wait my brain a gang stark daft eh that would
never do
Sa I think on second thought I had best get me
food.

A POPULAR PARODY ON MY PRETTY JANE.

By Mr. Briant.

O Jones a very pretty girl,
But Jenny's devilish sly
Now only twig her when she winks,
The devil's in her eye,
And then she is too fast by half,
And lends an eager ear,
To flattery and tales of love
And Jenny like her hear.

O pretty Jane.

I am'd to her the wedding day,
I showed the wedding ring,
I thought I'd got her in my arms,
But she'd got me in a string
On a summer night the millers son,
Had whispered in her ear,
And she cut my love and cut her stick
In the snaring time of the year.
O my pretty Jane.

ETHIOPIAN SONGS.

15

TIS HARD TO GIVE THE HAND.

A Parody. Sung by Mr. Briant

Fru now in de slaber strong
And no word to you can say,
From banjo, you, and song—
I am going far away.

Fis tough massa's wicked wile,
And de cruel slaber sin,
For de white man he can smile
When his soul be dark within.

So a massa's stern command
Make obedience come from me,
So I cannot gibe my hand
When dis body is not free—
Den how can I gibe my hand,
When dis body is not free.

Bound in cords and irons strong,
Yet you will not hear my grief,
Still I hope dat for my wrong
Time will bring some relief.

I will nurse no rebel thought,
But I will not wear my chain,
Be relief for slabe be sought
And I'll struggle wid de pain.

So lub, Jane, you understand,
Den don't you grieve for me,
For I cannot gibe my hand
When dis body is not free—
How can I gibe dis hand
When dis body is not free?

KEEP IN DE WHEEL TRACK

Sung by Mr. Briant

Air—Get away black man.

Keep in de wheel track
Or else go track de ribber,
Neber go for break your back,
Nor yet to stew your liber.

CHORUS.

For dar's night as well as day,
And if dar's work dar's play—
So keep in de wheel track
And you neber loose your way.

Miss Jenny leave de wheel rut,
Like a bosby ninny—
Loose her way wid coken nut
And find a poselina.

Miss Nancy from de ribber slip,
To kiss wid young Quashhalloa,
And she stretch her mouth from
mort to sout,
As big as horse's collar.

Uncle Sam he leave de wheel track
To catch a coon for supper,
But de alligator comes in whack
And snap him by de crupper.
So now you nigga gal and man,
Afore I say good morning,
De do best and all you can,
To take a nigga's warning.

UNCLE QUASH'S PRESENTS.

Sung by Mr. Connolly.

Air—Going ober de mountain.

Uncle Quash top long from home,
De day aunt Sally's courtin',

Saying—what can keep dat uncle
Quash
So long teder side de mountain!

CHORUS.

De possem up de gum-tree,
De pine-stick chaw de splinter,
De sunny days dar' dont come snow.
Saw always grow in de winter.

Ole uncle Quash been bery gay man
When he got down in de valley,
He drunk wid de chaps—
And kiss wid de gals, but dont
tink ob aunt Sally.

But uncle Quash ober de mountain
again,
Aunt Sally went look plessant;
Till uncle Quash turned out de bag,
And show aunt Sally present.

Dar was someting for de back and
head,
And someting for de belly,
Stocking for de hand, stocking for
de foot.
An a letter for aunt Nelly.

Den aunt Sally change de tune like a
Mule when him loose him crupper
She call uncle Quash her good ole
man,
And cook a coon for his supper.

THE DYING SLAVE.

An Ethiopian Ballad.—by Hardwick

An Afric slave lay down to die,
Virginia weeping by his side;
She read within his glazing eye,
The love to tell, words were denied
For voice and memory had departed,
And she wept all broken hearted.

Sleep on, she cried, but oh, to me,
No more in joy thy footstep bound,
But still I'll ever think of thee,
When thou hast reached the
hunting grounds.

And in that shining land of glory,
Tell the braves thy slavery story.

I hear your last groan in mine ear,
I wear your love gift on my heart
For oh, to me thou wert so dear,
When thou wast lashed I felt the
smart—

And cruel words to thee were spoken
Virginia's heart was nearly broken.

And when the lonely twilight falls,
I'll come and strew thy grave with
flowers.

Until the hour thy spirit calls—
Virginia to the far-off bowers,
Where we shall be at rest for ever,
And never parted more, oh, never.

OH, LADY BEWARE.

Music, Williams, Paternoster Row.
My massa is Lord ob dis black eas-
tle here,

Ting ting ting a ting.
He call de white lady his lub and
his dear, Ting &c.
If dey come into de gates, dey re-
member it sure, Ting &c.

He once get dem in dey go out no
more,

Oh, tink a tink a tink.

Oh, fair lady, fair lady beware!
Oh, good lady, good lady beware,
My massa he's wicked—
My massa he's wicked—
Oh, he so whicked I swear.

He gib dem de jewel he gib dem de
ring, Ting &c.
Den he go kill 'em to death de poor
ting,
Ting a ting tin a ram tan.

Den massa he tremble to hear de
great bell—
Go—bom—bom—bom!
And for de black deed him done he
may well— Bom &c.

And if down below dar's a place dey
call—
Dat black massa at him I know dar
to dwell—
Den he go—bom—bom.

SPARE A HALF-PENNY TO A BLIND NEGRO.

Music, Williams, Paternoster Row

On Afric's wide plains, where the
Lions wild roariug,
I with freedom walk'd forth the vast
deserts exploring:
I was drag'd from my home and en-
tomb'd as a slave.
In a dark floating dungeon upon the
salt wave.

CHORUS.

Oh, spare a half-penny, pray spare a
half-penny.
Oh, spare a trifle to a blind negro.

Wipped and starved parch with thirst
shut from light of the morrow,
Torn from home, wife, and friends,
they mock'd my deep sorrow;
When the lightnings dread flash
struck the inlets of day,
And its glorious bright beams shot
for ever away,

Oh, spare, &c.

All assistance refused, thus his pro-
fit now loosing—
The captain he swore not a blind
bargain choosing—
Had me dragg'd on deck in his anger
and spite,
And dash'd overboard in the dead of
the night.

Oh, spare, &c.

While struggling with death an Eng-
lish crew saw me,
And with true English manhood from
a watery grave bore me;
Now my daylight eclipsed, I as dark
as the dead,
I beg through the streets for a mor-
sel of bread.
Oh, spare

BLACK PINK.

All the way from Wurginny.
My lubly pink, I come to see
Oh, my pink, my lubly flame,
You can't think I am to blame.

Walk jaw-bone on ginger log;
Oh, pink! I'm going to de whole
hog!

What nigger is dat dere, I hear?
Some black arter me, I fear.
Lub is a sickish thing, you know,
It makes one feel all ober so.

Stay a little, my Cato dear,
You need not dat steam-sconrar fear.
He neber came here in de day,
For he is lemonade up Broadway.

Who can dat dere nigger be?
Try to cut in dere, an' cut out me,
Tell me pink—oh, don't be mute;
I soon will settle dis here 'spate.
Neber mind, dear Cato don't make a

fuss,
But come to your luber, an' gib her
a buss;

I see dat you ara not very vex—
I know dat you loves to kiss de fair

If dat nigger be as great as Colonel
Pluck!

I'll challenge him to meet me at Mo-
buck;

I'll fight genteel, and not like a nig-
ger!
An' end de 'spate by de pull of the
trigger.

I tell you who dat black man be,
De steam-sconrar dey call, Dandy C.
An' he'll be sent, if he don't mind
his ways,

To Blackwell's Island by Massa Hays.
I won't care for dat black man at all,
I was induced to him at de rag ball.
He talk much about denigger nation,
An' says be head of de nigger boba-
lation.

Dat black man is 'ciple of Fanny Bite
An' be only want you for one nite,
Oh, now, pink, be so true man,
He only loves you on the Canal-street
plan.

CLAR DE TRACK.

It was on the 'seventeenth of Octo-
ber,
When de Juba dance was ober,
I heard a noise—it sounded like
tunder.

Which made dis nigger stare and
wonder.

Clar de track! de bulgine's coming;
See dem nigger how dey're running.

I look around to see de wonder,
Dat sound in my ears like tunder;
I see a ship come across de meadow,
Blowing away at wind and wedder.

De ship turned out a bulgine steam,
So clar de track dis afternoon;
Massa's coming from de station,
He's just arrived from de wild goose
hunt.

Now get de bottle, get de bottle—
Get me de horse, get me de saddle,
Get me tras lub—now be civil,
Or massa will kick you to de devil.

Ola massa's horse dis each day,
De bulgine drive him mad day say.
Massa split him head wid de cleaver
Cos horses die ob de bulgine fever.

THE NIGGER GOET
BARBER.

I'm a barber quite de ting.
Squashy Snow-halls my name,
Though I do not shave a King,
I shave Princes Albat—and it's
near de same.

Once, me need to shave in dozens,
Dingy, dirty, black and white,
But now Prince Albat an him cousin
Find me work day and night.

Spoken.]—Yes, dere massa, lader-
ing and shaving from morn till night
—but what me ease fer dat, so long
as I get de fruit ob it in my pocket;
den I sing

Frisseum, shavenum, here and dere
De likes ob me was neber seen—
For powdering wigs an curling hair,
Me shava de Prince and dress de
Queen.

Spoken.]—Ah, what a pity,—yer
great pity, me often tink, dat Prince
Albat was not born a black man. He
a handsome man—verra—but if he
was a handsome black man like me, de
Queen must lub him better than
ever she did before. Yes, dat am de
Prince's only misfortune. If he was
only like me, no one could call him
de white trash. An den if him war
to fall asleep in de public house, no
one could black him face.

My razor am both sharp and keep.
With scissors too I trim away.
And when me sent for by de Queen
—Me frizzle her sob widout delay.
I tend de ladies all at court,
and dress dar fronts both great
and small.

And when dey wants a little sport,
Dry always sends for me, Snow
Ball.

Spoken.]—Yes, dere am de Baron
bon Skinall, an de Baroness, an all
de little Skinalls—dey allsum to my
shop to have their nobilitated.
De me de more an de great Bobs-
part eber did—I take de buke ob
Wellington by de nose, and I gib
him such a—

Frisseum, shavenum, &c

CYNTHIA SUE

Long fore dis time dis Nigger swell
In a place called Tusculoo,
I lub'd a gal wid a larry skin—
An her name was Cynthia sue.

Oh, Cynthia, Cynthia, my dear
money—

Oh, Cynthia, I lub you more
than money.

She used to meet me ebery night,
Dressed, clar down to de shoe,
Sha gran' de moonlight out ob
night.

My darlin Cynthia Sue.

Oh, Cynthia, &c.
She used to wink her e'en to see,
Her Brutus when he come,
Wid de jaw-bone on his shoulder,
An his banjo twist his thumb.

Oh, Cynthia, &c.
I've been to East, I've been to west
And ole Virginny top,
Dere's not one here or anywhere,
A gal like Cynthia Sue.

Oh, Cynthia, &c.
I want down to New Orleans,
De food was high, 'tis true,
But I made it five foot higher,
When I wept for Cynthia Sue.

Oh, Cynthia, &c.

NEGRO MATRIMONY.

I say, Sambo, did you havell get
married?

No, sar, I hab not dat pleasure be-
fore.

Well, I tell you all de circumstances
ob de case, which was dis. I see a
bery pretty girl and I fall in lub wid
her. I ask her marry me, and she
say—Yes, to be sure! So we went
and get apliced, but den she turn out
a regular obstropical virago. I go
back to de minister at de end of
three weeks, and say I to him, I thing
this gal back, massa—she no due to
me. He ask me what was de matter
with her? Why massa, she no good.
The book says—she obey me. She
no wash my clothes, she no do what
I want her to do. So then the min-
ister says—But the book says, you
were to take her for better or for
worse. Yes, massa, but she all
worse and no better, she am too
much worse and no better at all.

COME INTO MY CABBAGE.

Come into my cabbage,
Ah, come along, Dink, de,
Step into my cabbage—
But not without your shoe.

Must you come into my cabbage, gh.

Oh, ah, oh! I a doles of I

Reck is de gale,
Down de river we sail,

Come my dear,
De very an clear—oh, oh, oh!

De river am wide,
Quick we shall glide

Down de Ohio,
Away let us go!

De wind dea boom,
We had better get home,

Oh, come along, Dink,
Step out on my cabbage.

ETHIOPIAN SONGS.

WHO CARES FOR YOU, MARY ANN.

Parody on "Mary Ann."
Sung by Mr. Connelly.

I don't care a fig for you Mary Ann,
Cos you don't care for me;
For de wind blows fair,
And I'm blow'd if you are—
And I am bound for de sea.

Mary Ann,
And I am bound for de sea,
Mary Ann,
Don't you see dat nigger Joe,
Throwing away his ole barrel;
And do we's going to part
From dis here nigger's heart.
So I does throw away you Mary Ann,
So I throw away you, Mary Ann.

A monkey sucking juice from de
pine,
And a nigger in him long tall blue,
May be happy as ole massa, when he
drink he wine,
But I'm happier dat I'm now leav-
ing you, Mary Ann,
But I'm gladder now dat I leavs you
Mary Ann.

De pride ob my heart dat you am
not—
It is de lubly Coal Black Rose.
So go to Duck-foot Bob, wid his
treacle pot,
For at you I turn up my nose,
Mary Ann,
For at you I turn up my nose,
Mary Ann.

DE NIGGER TOAST.

Sung by Mr. Connelly.—Tune: Down
among the Rushes.

Come pull away my Buffalo boy.
Dis de toast dat Sambo gib;
When nigger's time am come to die,
Dat's de time him aint to lib.

Callibash and ginger tack—
Neber leave you in de lurch;
But brandy put you on your back,
And rum broth tick you off your
perch.

De buckra man him bery crack,
Caa him akin am slick and white;
But sometimes he heart bery black,
When he do wrong side ob de right.

De yaller gals date from de South.
Aint like de gals from New Orleans
De fust gal know der way about,
De odder black gals is all green.

De black gal is de best ob gals,
Dat is when dem aint ob worst—
By galle I say am neber last,
Dat is when they are always first.

Now de white gal is de gal for me—
Dat is when she aint black;
But she can't look nigger in de face
When on him she turn her back.

My massa's twenty gals, you see,
Cos I spose he like de fun;

He takes dem all away from me,
So dat's de way I don't hab none,
So if any nice young white gals here,
Now's de time to make dem—
For as I've top'd too long I fear,
I tink its time to go away.

SUSANNAH BELL.

By Handwick.—Air: O Susannah.
On de banks ob de Ohio river,
I bid good' bye to my lub,
De parting kiss I gib her,
As I call her my heart's dub.
O fare-de-well for eber, dear,
Tho' it am hard to break de spell,
But I'll forget you neber, dear,
My own Susannah Bell.

CHORUS.

Oh, Susannah Bell,
For eber, lub, farewell—
I'm going to whiteman England's
land;
Adieu, Susannah Bell.

When far away I'm weeping,
For my young Susannah's charms,
How oft I'll dream, while sleeping,
Dat you're resting in my arms.
When de siving breeze shall blow,
I go—

But de time oh, who can tell,
When I come long back to de Ohio,
An sweet Susannah Bell.

I kissed her long at parting,
As hushed she lay on me breast;
De tear in her eye war starting,
And her silence told de rest.
I layed head down by de cotton tree,
An since dat hour befell,
I've neber yet forgotten dee—
Darlin' Susannah Bell.

Now de salt lake flows between us,
And de ocean bery wide
Dat part me from me Wenus,
Oh, she neber be me bride.
To de whiteman's happy land I go—
To de sunny land—farewell!
Good bye to de banks ob de Ohio,
Good bye, Susannah Bell.

DE FIRE-FLY LAMP.

An African Legend.—Music by
Davidson.

Oh, Sabina, she gone to de odder
world,
Whar da big Spirit much glad her to
see;
Her canoe dere lay, wid de sail un-
furled,
But Sabina not wait dere for me.

CHORUS.

Oh, she gone to de lake of disma
swamp,
Where all night long wid de fire-fl
lamp,
She paddle de white canoe.

So I wander de desert sad and for-
lorn.

But Sabina has far away flew—
I hab no wife now to braise de corn
Nor to fish in de ole canoe.

Demoons go away, and de moons d
return,
And de stars dey lib up in de sky,
But in de cool shade poor Sambo's
head burn,
Like de sun when he clamp up
high.

JOHN CROW'S NEST.

By T. Ramsay.—Sung by Messrs.
Bright and Connelly.

Tune: Sitting on a Rail.

Dar's not a nigger dat you know,
Dat's not a nigger as John Crow,
When out for his Sunday walks he go
In his stick span new cloth dress'd
He looks odder niggers in de lurch,
He looks de galls clean off dere perch.
But say John 'fore I walks a wife to
church.

CHORUS.

I must build de crows nest,
Build her a crows nest, build her a
crows nest,
Before I walks a wife to church I
must build her a crows nest.

So he build a hut down by de bog,
Wid pine stick, mud and grass and
log.

Down south were dey hatch de king
bull frog.

As he choose dat place best far
away.

Says John Crow dat's de bery ting,
Now I'll build a brass gold wedding
ring,
And some fair black gall home I'll
bring.

For she to perch in de crows nest.

Den ober de mountain Johnny goes,
From de foot to de chin in his bery
best cloths.

Stiff starch up to de eyes and nose,
He picks a crow from de nest.

He bust mace wak to dat coal black
nose.

But at John she turned up her nose,
Den to court fair Lucy Neak he goes.

But she'd not root in de crows
nest.

But John Crow went to work again
And pitch'd it out of Mary Blain;

But she say John it's all in vain,
Wid a nodder crow I'm bless'd

Den to dat Miss Lucy Long,
John Crow went and pitch it strong

Says he my Lucy come along,
Hab a root in de crows nest.

Lucy fair black face blush slap slick
white.

I've shot de crow and dat's all right
So off dem flew dat bery night.

So down south, Lucy Long did go,
And bery short was made a crow,

And dis hen crow soon made John
know,
She was cock ob de old crows nest.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May the fat of the land be shared amongst the lean of the people.

Loyalty without folly, and love without reason.

May the foes of virtue never have a friend.

Riches without pride and pride without riches.

Labour to do, and a will to do it.

May we always be with a clear conscience and never without a shilling.

The ox, the sickle, and the plough,
Navigation, Importation, Exportation, and Transportation.

May the slanderous tongue be its own defamer.

Old wine and young women.

May a false friend have the wages he works for.

May every traitor be elevated by having a drop too much.

May we fear love, and love fear.

May we profit by loss without losing by profit.

May those who have too much, give to those who have too little.

Patience in trouble and moderation in success.

May we bear affliction with resignation and advancement without ambition.

A good name well gained and honestly kept.

May the sword of justice be swayed by the head of mercy.

May bad men receive the full benefit of their

To the petticoats may we never make a shift without them.

Contentment with a vice, out of place.

May we never want bread to make a toast, or be without fuel to toast it.

May the Navy never run aground and the Army always keep afloat.

May we form a good will and have the resolution to keep it.

May we scorn meanness and avoid frugality.

May those who kiss and tell never have a kiss to

A dog's bite to a puppy's days.

Health, wealth, and prosperity,
Ardour and zeal without asperity.

Accept with hesitation and bestow with discrimination.

May the People fill the heart of the Queen and the Queen fill the bellies of the people.

May he who refuses to acknowledge a good action be in want of a good action to acknowledge.

Ships with sound bottoms and sailors with stout hearts.

Unity and disunity.

May the hangman want employment and the judge be without a sentence.

May a benefactor be brief, and a barrister be brief. In every change may we alter for the best.

When we go upon a bad errand may we always return empty handed.

Addition to our income, and subtraction from our difficulties.

Multiplication to our friend and division to our enemies.

May we ever be inconstant to bad practices, Court not a man in prosperity nor slight him in adversity.

Never take No from a pretty girl, without consigning it yes.

More to-morrow.

May we get honestly and hold securely.

May the tongue of the slanderer be subject to blisters.

May monopoly be surfeited in its own excess.

May charitable acts provoke an emulation

May every liberal heart never want the tools to work with.

A warm heart and a free hand.

May every rogue turn out an honest man.

May every honest man turn out a rogue.

May the brave deserve the fair, and the fair be worth deserving.

Let willing slaves dwell in bondage.

May glorious freedom never make too free.

Let us always lend a hand to the man, that's lost an arm.

Let desecration govern the battle and affection govern the lass.

Let us think of our heads in the morning.

Never let the hands betray the heels.

Good wine is a bounty, abuse it not.

May we always make the most of a good thing

without making too little of ourselves.

Here's pat-luck, and may we gain a pint (point) by it.

Here is fanaticism in every station, betwixt nation, and nation in every gradation.

The blood of affection to the heart of love.

If we can't bring our means up to our wishes let us bring our wishes down to our means.

May we always keep the wolf from our door by keeping the watch dog on the threshold.

May the vigour of youth be the prop of old age.

May the voice of adversity be the lesson of utility.

May the voice of the needy touch the heart of the wealthy.

May ingratitude be the clog of the ungrateful.

May we all be supporters to the roof we are under.

May the remembrance of past actions be a present consolation.

To the girl we love and the friends we honour.

Here's wisdom to the fool, honesty to the rogue, and honour to the honest man.

Wine wit and women.

The wine old, women young, and wit genuine.

May hope conquer despair.

May the clouds of to-day be lost in the sunshine of to-morrow.

When misfortune pursues us, may she fall lame on the road.

Here's to my father, my only son and all his best friends.

May the tempest of the heart subside in a calm.

To a bold rider, a staunch horse and hounds.

May debt and doubt be at the bottom of a well.

May we take a brush, but never buy a brush.

May the butcher's visit put the doctor out of countenance.

May we drink like beast and like men.

May every young couple grow old in happiness.

May crime become so bad that we shall be ashamed to commit it.

May the first Lord of the Treasury be a treasure to the country.

May the widows become mighty.

May an honourable resistance ever prevail.

May the glass that cheats never destroy.

Prosperity to thereof we're under.

Let us give and take.

May we always work on the square, be attentive to rule, be plump in the main, and keep with

May our love for the fair sex never induce a foul in compass.

May the light of other days never reflect a present regret.